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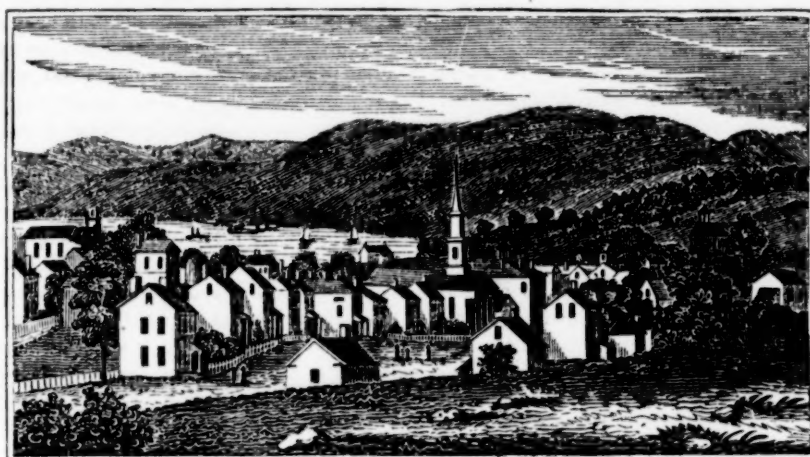
A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

VOLUME XIX.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1843.

NUMBER 25.

EAST VIEW OF PEEKSKILL, N. Y.



PEEKSKILL village was incorporated in 1826. It is situated 12 miles north of Sing Sing, and immediately south of the southern termination of the highlands. The above engraving shows the appearance of the village as seen from an elevation a few rods northward from the road to Carmel. The old Dutch Reformed and the Episcopal church are discernible on the right; the Methodist and the Presbyterian church, having a small tower, are on the extreme left. The elevated spire of the new Dutch Reformed church is in the central part of the view. Hudson river with the towering highlands, is seen in the distance. The village represented in the engraving is situated on an elevation 200 feet above the level of the river, half a mile from the landing, on both sides of a deep ravine, in which flows Gregory's brook, a rapid stream. There are in the village a bank, 2 printing-offices, 2 large iron foundries, &c. There is an academy, a large edifice, situated on a commanding eminence at the south. It was erected by subscription, at an expense of \$7,000. The village, including the landing, contains upwards of 200 dwellings, and 2 churches for Friends, besides those mentioned above. There is a steamboat ferry at this place to Caldwell's landing, on the opposite side of the Hudson, two miles distant. Verplanck's point and Continental village, places distinguished in the revolutionary war, are within the limits of this town. This latter place, which had barracks for 2,000 men, was burnt by the British in October, 1777; the following account of which is extracted from the Connecticut Journal of April 2d, 1777.

Fishkill, March 27.—Our post at Peek's-kill, since the removal of the militia of the eastern states, has been in a manner in a defenceless situation, there being only part of 2 regiments stationed there under the care of Gen. McDougal amounting to about 250 men. The enemy having received intelligence of this, formed an expedition thither with a view to take or destroy the stores belonging to the continentals that

were deposited there. Accordingly on Sunday last they appeared with a frigate, four transports, and several other small vessels in the bay, and landed about 1,000 men, with several pieces of cannon. General McDougal not thinking it prudent to hazard a battle with such an unequal force, and not having seasonable advice of the enemy's movement, was under the necessity of destroying their stores in order to prevent their falling into their hands, and retired about two miles into the pass in the Highlands, carrying with him his baggage and military stores; his advanced guard being stationed at Cortlandt's house in the valley. The enemy the same day took possession of the village, and remained close in their quarters until the next day in the afternoon, when a party of them, consisting of about 200 men, possessed themselves of a height a little south of Cortlandt's. The general having received a reinforcement from Colonel Gansevoort's regiment, of about 80 men, under the command of Lieut. Col. Willet, permitted them to attempt to dispossess the enemy from that eminence. Col. Willet having accordingly made the necessary disposition, advanced with his small party with the greatest firmness and resolution, and made the attack. The enemy instantly fled with the greatest precipitation, leaving three men dead on the field, and the whole body, panic-struck, betook themselves to their shipping, embarking under cover of the night; and by the last accounts they had sailed down the river. Before they embarked, they gave out they intended to stop at Tarrytown, on their way down, and attempt to destroy our magazine of forage at Wright's mills. Upon their evacuating the place, Gen. McDougal took possession of his former quarters, and detached a party of men to watch their motions. The enemy on this occasion have been exceedingly disappointed, as they have not been able to carry off any stores left behind by our men, and no other flock than about 40 sheep and 8 or 10 head of cattle, with which they were supplied

by our good friends the Tories. Never did troops exhibit more firmness and resolution than did our army on this occasion. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers was great, and the measure absolutely necessary, it was with the utmost reluctance they retired to the pass. As usual, these heroes of Britain have burnt some houses, plundered the inhabitants of what they could conveniently take with them, frightened the women and children, and raised the spirits of their Tory brethren in that quarter, but which, alas, as is always the case when unnaturally elevated, are now again proportionably depressed.

Peekskill is the birthplace of John Paulding, the American farmer, who intercepted Andre, the British spy, at Tarrytown, some fifteen miles below this place. His monument is situated about two miles to the north of the village. It is built of marble, of a pyramidal shape, about fifteen feet in height, and running to a point. It is enclosed in an iron railing about twelve feet square. The main inscription is on the south side, and runs thus:—

"Here repose the mortal remains of JOHN PAULDING, who died on the 18th day of February, 1818, in the 60th year of his age. On the morning of the 23d of September, 1780, accompanied by two young farmers of the county of Westchester, (whose names will one day be recorded on their own deserved monuments,) he intercepted the British spy, Andre. Poor himself, he disdained to acquire wealth by sacrificing his country. Rejecting the temptation of great rewards, he conveyed his prisoner to the American camp, and by this act of noble self-denial, the treason of Arnold was detected; the designs of the enemy baffled; West Point and the American army saved, and these U. S. now by the grace of God free and independent, rescued from imminent peril." On the opposite side is written "The corporation of the city of New-York erect this tomb as a memorial raised to public gratitude." On the east side is a beautiful wreath engraved on the marble, with the word, "Fidelity."

TALES.

From the Lady's Book.

GERTRUDE;

OR, THE FATAL PROPHECY.

A Story of the End of the World.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

"Clouds of dark blood shall blot the sun's broad light,
Spread round the universe, and shroud the world in night.
With pale and dreadful ray, the cold moon gleam,
The dim lone stars diffuse an anguished beam,
Storms rock the sky, afflicted oceans roar,
And sanguine billows dye the shuddering shore,
While round the earth thunders from the Almighty throne
The voice irrevocable—it is done."

It was a delightful morning, Sunday the 3d of May 1812. Two young persons were seen walking across the fields in the northern part of Philadelphia, in that free interchange of thought, which to even a distant observer, denotes some-

thing more than mere acquaintance existing between the parties; especially if, as in the present case, they were a young man and a young woman.

Where the young people were walking, a thousand flowers were springing up to give redolence to the morning, and to add variety to the already rich herbage of the field; fence after fence was crossed, but they pursued their way northwestwardly towards Broad street, indifferent to the obstacle which the enclosures presented to their progress, and seeming much more occupied with the subject of conversation than with the loveliness of the scene around them, lying in all the luxuriance of early vegetation, bathed in newly shed light of a sabbath sun. The scene has changed since that pair formed a part of it. The city has increased, and its over-teeming population has laid our streets, erected houses, and forbidden a blade of grass were then only a farm house dotted the luxuriance of the outspread meadows, and Broad street, which the party soon reached, was a dusty road, in its whole length to and across the city. The few dwellings erected near its line seemed to have been built without regard to street regulation, but with reference to those conveniences which are looked for in farm houses, or temporary country residences.

The pair emerged from the fields near the lane that once passed through Green Hill farm, and, standing beneath one of those beautiful elms, they looked abroad upon the distant city, undisturbed by the hum of business, or the senseless clatter of dissipated amusements. The morning sun was shedding askant his beams, and light columns of smoke were here and there struggling up through the atmosphere. Between the couple and the city lay a broad expanse of fields, whose greenness added to the loveliness of the scene, and invited the heart to a contemplation of that Power, whose hand had garnished the heavens with its curtain blue, and mottled the verdure of the fields with the beauties of a host of lowly and lovely flowers.

"If we have to return, as you propose," said the young woman, "by the way of Centre Square we would better move on, or we shall be too late for church."

"But before we go let us conclude upon a day," said the young man.

"There is no necessity; when you return we will appoint the day."

"Let me fix on it now. While I am absent, let me feel there is an appointed time—that only so many days can intervene—that those passed, and you will be mine."

"But, consider," said the young woman, thoughtfully, "you may not arrive in season, and a postponement is ominous of evil; you know what a bad sign it is."

"I do not know much about such signs; but we'll fix the day, so that if I arrive at all, I must arrive before the time; the journey never exceeds three weeks. This is the 3d of May, and we will say the 4th of June."

But there was no response. If any one had been listening, he might have heard something like a kiss.—"It is agreed, then," said William.

"Why," said the young woman, "the whole morning you have been making propositions to me, and before I could get time to say no, you have fallen to kissing by force, and said that meant yes."

"Well," said the youth, "we'll make it the 4th of June, since I do not find that you say no, when I have done kissing."

Gertrude for the first time, took the proffered arm of the young man, and they set forward towards Centre Square. The heart of the youth bent stronger, and his footfall was firmer. There was an important arrangement made, and he felt easier in his mind—happier, he it said.

And Gertrude trod more lightly, and a swell of pleasure rose towards her throat, as she felt that the engagement for a life of happiness was made.

Blessings upon the pair that unite, with a parent's consent to their own arrangements. But it is a cold, worldly bargain that parents drive, and inform their child of its result; prudence may make the union comfortable—but it will chill the flower of happiness.

The hour of marriage is thought by some to be one of pleasure—and the triumph of affection; and it has its claims to such a consideration—but the heart is lightest at the moment when it conquers the obstacles to entire freedom of affection, and triumphs in an engagement. There is neither timidity nor rashness. Every thought is pure, and every desire is holy—the rapid gush of blood through the veins, is the result of mental pleasure, and for once, at least, the heart owns that it is satisfied.

The name of Centre Square, in those days, was one of those misnomers with which the highways and pleasure grounds of our city abound. The place was a vast circular piece of ground enclosed with neat railings, and supplied with a considerable abundance of Corinthian and Lombardy poplars. In the middle of this circle stood the Centre House, a beautiful edifice, used for the elevation of water brought from the Schuylkill in a subterranean aqueduct, to a height sufficient to supply the city.

Half way between the eastern front of the centre house and the entrance of the square, was a small circular enclosure, in the centre of which stood one of Rush's finely carved female figures, holding over her shoulders a bird, from whose mouth issued a stream of water, while around the image were little jets—whose gushing streams purified the air, and by their gentle murmurs, gave a dreamy influence to the scene. It was one of much resort, and thousands flocked there, as they now do to the Washington and Franklin Squares. There was held, in those days, the sports of children, and there the high orgies of the Fourth of July were celebrated.

Gertrude and William had nearly reached Centre Square, when they discovered that there was an unusual crowd assembled.

"Let us turn aside," said she; "there seems to be something like a riot in the square."

They paused, and the sounds of sacred music reached their ear. "There is preaching," said William "or worship, at least; let us see who and what are there."

The couple entered the square by the "turn style" on the north side, and found a vast collection of persons, between the centre house and the little fountain already mentioned; and as they reached the outer edge of the crowd, the last words of the hymn had been sung, and all eyes turned at once towards the building, as if expectant of the appearance of some distinguished person.

In a few minutes, a man of gigantic proportions rose slowly from the crowd; and took his stand upon the upper step of the centre house; his position was sufficiently elevated to show the whole of his form. He was more than six feet in height, and his frame of proportionate size—though his flesh seemed attenuated by mental efforts. His long black hair slightly mottled by age, was parted from the centre of his head top, and thrown over his shoulders. His beard hung far down his breast while his dark eyes seemed to wander with the restlessness of insanity.

The dress of the strange individual was outre in the extreme, and a loose black wrapper, or gown, was thrown over the whole, with an air that seemed to mock all idea of that clerical propriety which it was evidently intended to imitate.

When the crowd had settled into an easy standing position—for seats were not thought of—the strange man drew himself up to his utmost height and cast his eye around upon his audience.

He then elevated his right hand, in which he held a small copy of the Bible, into which his fore finger was thrust, while the other fingers and the thumb were used to press together the parted portions of the sacred book.

The crowd was breathlessly noiseless. And the man began:

"The words," said the preacher, "which I have selected for your consideration this morning, and which will appropriately introduce my remarks, you will find recorded in the second chapter of the Prophecy of Joel, and in the first verse—

"Blow ye a trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble, for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand."

"This is the language of denunciatory prophecy, whether applicable to the present times or not, it will not be my duty this morning to enquire. Yet we should all do well to remember that what was written aforetime, was written for our instruction.

"I came not to calculate prophecies, but to foretell. I came not to explain, but to exhort. Why should I number the days of prophecy among the wicked—among those who number not their own days to apply their heart unto wisdom? I have been sent to you, oh! people, to declare, not to prove—to make known the things that are at hand—even now at your door. Why should I then stand at the shadow of the thunder cloud, and talk to you of the terrors of the gathering tempest? Nay, if my voice be not itself the foretoken of the storm that shall sweep you away, then no sign shall be given.

"For, mark, I have called to the people of the valleys, and they have listened, and from the utmost peaks of the mountains I have cried, and my warning has been heard. It is not given to all men to know the signs of the time—but when they are disclosed, woe to him that refuseth to acknowledge them. It is not a little thing that I utter—it is not that which nations have seen and lived—it is not that which has swept away one people and left others to mark its destruction, but it is that which shall destroy a world, and leave no being upon its surface to describe its desolation."

In this strain, with exceeding emphasis and wonderful volubility, the remarkable man continued to attract attention; and never had I seen

an audience more deeply wrapt up in the subject to which their attention was called by the preacher. The gestures of the speaker were rather abundant than disciplined, and yet seemed appropriate, because natural; his voice was sometimes wild and offensive to the ear, and then again it would sink into delicate tones, that charmed the listener, who readily forgot the wild appearance of the preacher in the startling events he announced, and the thrilling language in which he conveyed his mission.

"You start," said he, "at the annunciation which I make; thank God, you do not deride—no, you are spared that—the day and the hour are too near for skepticism itself to sport with the awful event. You may disbelieve the prophecy, but you will not ridicule it; you may sit down without preparation for the event, but you will not forget the foretelling of its approach. Nay, at this moment you startle, and stand closer to each other, as you anticipate what I have to declare—and scarcely now is it necessary for me to deliver my mission to this audience—the truth is on you, and you feel my errand. You know while I delay its utterance, that I am commanded to declare to you, that the kindling wrath of Heaven is a blaze, and the lines of prophecy of earth's destruction centre in the present year. Nay, the angel now standeth upon the sea and the land, with hand lifted to Heaven, and awaits the signal to swear by Him that liveth forever, who created Heaven and the things that therein are, the Earth and the things that therein are, and the Sea and the things that therein are, that time shall be no longer.

"You doubt—but you do not doubt that this event must come—why then not *now*?—why may not this be the season?—prophecy concurs to lead to the belief—that calculations of the learned demonstrate the truth of this prophecy—and I declare to you, by revelation, that this is the year. "How can it be?" you ask. "How shall night come down upon the people, and no sun rise? Shall the earth cease her diurnal motion, or shall an angel's arm annihilate the globe?"

"He who created can destroy; the last is the smallest effort—and yonder sun, now climbing into mid Heaven, may go down to us, and the shadows that fade away in evening darkness, never be renewed by morning's light. But it is not thus. The quiet of creation and the morning song of the sons of God shall not be repeated in that dreadful day. But tempests shall be the messenger and agents of destruction—the thunder shall shake the thick foundations of men's highest effort—the lightning shall blast and burn—and the water of the firmament above shall mingle with those of the rivers and the seas, and earthquakes heap in one mass of destruction the unconsumed materials of all earth's strength, her majesty and her beauty."

In this manner, though in far more energetic phrase, the preacher announced the consummation of all things, and held his immense audience in breathless attention. After some time he paused—and whether it was from himself, or from some one of the company, it was difficult to say—but the inquiry was heard:—"When shall all these things be?"

"Ah, that is well—when shall they be?—because, if a few years may come and go, then

you will eat and drink as you have done, and laugh at the calamity.—But I say unto you, it is not a few years, not even a single year that you may wait—but thus saith the Lord: "*On the sixth month of this year, and on the fourth day of that month, and on the evening of that day, at the going down of the sun, shall these things be.*"—And you shall see it tremble; the agonies of death, and the cry of terror, and the wail of woe—the bitter scream of despair shall mingle with the crash of a ruined world, for the great day of his wrath has come, and who shall be able to stand."

A few remarks, by way of application, followed, and the preacher disappeared; the crowd freed itself from its compact position, and seemed to cover nearly one half of the lot, talking in groups of the things that had been uttered, and showing the effect which the wild enthusiasm of the speaker had wrought upon their minds.

William and Gertrude left the square, arm in arm, and in perfect silence. When they had reached the side-walk, in Market street, towards Thirteenth, William said—

"The old man seemed to be in earnest in his prophecy, though I would rather have heard his calculations, so as to know whether they were according to Hamilton Moore." (Hamilton Moore was in those days the grand authority for a sailor's calculations.)

After a short pause, Gertrude hesitatingly replied, "that it was probable that some higher authority would have been cited; nay, the elements of a calculation were offered from the Bible."

"You do not believe the fellow, do you?" asked William.

"I did not before, for I have heard much of him and his prophecy. But, somehow, it seemed to-day as if the truth of every word he uttered was responded to by my own heart—and did you mark the day he designated?"

"No, I did not pay particular attention, but it was something about the sixth month; which is that?"

"It is June, William, and he said on the evening of the 4th of June."

"Why, that is the very time that we have just agreed on for our wedding day."

"It is, indeed; and as the preacher named that day, it seemed as if I felt doubly the truth of all he uttered."

William saw that Gertrude was deeply affected by the discourse of the prophecy, and especially by the coincidence of the day—he thereof prudently forbore further remarks.

It was not long before the family of Gertrude discerned that something was praying upon her mind and, loving her as they did, it was not strange that they should have inquired for and found out the cause.

Meantime, William entered upon his journey, taking leave of Gertrude in the affectionate assurance that he would return at least one week before the time appointed for their nuptials, and claim the fulfilment of her promise.

The preaching of Nimrod Hughes and his emphatic prophecy were not without effect, even beyond the household of Gertrude's parents, and especially in the interior counties of the state, not then as now, accessible by railroads and canals. This prophet of destruction had been for more than a year lifting up his voice in the rich valleys

of our Commonwealth, and making the mountains echo with his terrifying denunciations; and such had been the effect of his labors, his preaching and his explanation of scriptural prophecies and types, and his own foretelling, that thousands took up the idea and became convinced that all signs now indicated the consummation of earthly affairs, and the utter sweeping away of the human race. To such an extent had the doctrine gained credence, that we are told in many townships the farmers in the autumn refused to sow their fields with wheat, and they and their families seemed to be looking "for that great and terrible day." In some places the conviction of the people led them to a reformation of life; in others it appeared only to produce a studied indifference to the things of this world, without any preparation for that which is to come.

Before the time to which we have alluded, when Nimrod stood in Centre Square, the people of Philadelphia had heard of his prophecy, and also of the effects which had been wrought in some of the interior counties, so that when he came to utter his monitions, people were prepared to hear him. The address, therefore, to which we have alluded, created much talk throughout the city, and produced serious effects in many families, where fear of evil seemed to be easily excited.

Gertrude continued to manifest her apprehension of some impending evil, although she refused to confess that her fears had reference to the prophecy of Nimrod Hughes. She prepared, however, for her nuptials, by purchasing and making up her dresses—for when did women ever neglect such preparation—but she evidently had little pleasure in the occupation—some evil seemed to stand between that moment and her nuptial hour, and to cast its shadow on what should have been lighted with the clear sunshine of youth's brightest hope. I have heard those who were with her at these times, say that a cloud appeared always to rest upon her high polished forehead, and every smile was checked as if treasonable to some hidden woe.

Meantime the day of Gertrude's marriage was approaching—time flies apace and will continue to fly though its end be full in sight—and the people in Philadelphia, though occupied with trade and professional calling, though marrying and given in marriage, still remembered the prophecy; few of them, indeed, suffered it to interfere with their plans, but all seemed to look for the 4th of June as some appointed day, as at the approach of an eclipse; no one pretermits his occupation, while every one from time to time casts his eyes upwards as if to see whether the phenomenon is yet visible. Merchants talked of the prophecy at the Coffee-house—it was discussed by the laborer in the midst of his toil—but the women made it a theme of continued discourse, wondering some of them whether the day would begin in darkness, or whether the calamity would be sudden, in the twinkling of an eye. But those who believed most firmly in the prophecy, seemed less concerned about the details than they were about their own situation when the change should come upon them.

In the mean time the journey on which William had entered was completed, and he hastened to the house of Gertrude to salute his affianced bride. He was shocked at the change which had

come over her—there was not an absence of affection—still less any apparent inclination to be released from the engagement into which she had entered; but she manifested a solemnity of feeling when conversing of the approaching wedding that seemed more appropriate to some agonizing scene; still she was the same kind, thoughtful, affectionate girl that William had wooed and won, and his heart was as much knit with hers as when in the loveliness of a May morning she had consented to be his bride, by the brightness of a countenance that seemed to shame the sunshine of the hour.

All the preparations for the wedding were completed, and Gertrude had talked and talked over the affair fifty times with her bridesmaids—but never once without a shudder of fearful apprehension, that was easily imputed to the prevalent terrors of the times, but which all supposed would pass away with the non-fulfilment of the prophecy on the fourth of the next month.

On Friday, the 4th of June, 1812, the sun rose bright upon the people of Philadelphia. It was a lovely morning, warm, indeed, but without a cloud. Men and women were abroad that day, looking earnestly, as if half suspicious that the prophecy might be fulfilled—many indeed joking about the crazy prophet and foolish believers, but feeling occasionally gratified to hear some better informed person attempt to prove that the prophecy could not be fulfilled. In some parts of the town industry ceased, and people paused to await the result of the day—unwilling to be found in the midst of active employment—and yet ashamed if the event should not take place to be detected in any act of special devotion.

In a few churches there was continued worship, and in many houses the voice of prayer was heard continually rising.

The family of Gertrude were willing to pay a respectful deference to the fears of one part of their neighbors, and the confidence of the other part. They would, at any rate, have postponed the wedding, but for the "bad sign" which such anaetpresents. They therefore proceeded timidly, but constantly, in the preparations which are never entirely completed until the event takes place. The hour of noon had passed. The white satin dress of the bride (rather an extravagant article in the family) was laid out. The little wreath, entwined with orange flowers, was above it. Around were the appliances of the bridal hour, and near were the attendants of the bridal throng. And William had come up to take possession of his new home, and prepare himself for the trying ceremony.

Men were now seen at the corners of the streets talking gravely of the prophet and his prophecy; and while some ridiculed the whole, it was remarked that they cast furtive glances to different parts of the horizon, to see whether any signal of danger presented itself, even if "no bigger than a man's hand." But none was seen. The heat of the day, meantime, grew more and more oppressive. The slight breeze of the morning had died away; and there came up from the street pavements a reflecting heat, parching and dry, like that of a furnace. It was almost impossible to continue abroad, so fiercely did the sun pour down his rays.

"It is now four o'clock, my daughter," said

Mrs. Scheaffer, with a smile, to Gertrude, "and there does not seem to be any signs of the fulfillment of Nimrod's prophecy."

Gertrude, who was sitting near a bed upon which was spread out her nuptial robe, looked up inquiringly. Mrs. Scheaffer repeated her remark.

"On the sixth month," said Gertrude, solemnly repeating the language of the prophet, "'on the sixth month, on the fourth day of that month, and on the evening of that day—' Mother, is it evening yet?"

"It is evening after mid-day," said Mrs. Scheaffer.

"But, mother, is it not evening also until midnight?"

Mrs. Scheaffer turned to make some arrangements, and directed the attendants to prepare Gertrude, with the exception of the gown. This was completed at once, and Mrs. Scheaffer went to fulfil other duties in her household affairs, growing out of the approaching wedding.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the heat was unabated. Men, however, had gone forth, not to business, but to converse. There was in the street, in the northern part of the city, (and we speak of north Fourth street in particular,) a quiet so remarkable, that a foot-fall might have been heard at the distance of a square. Men looked around with some increasing confidence, but evidently with secret forebodings. Suddenly a cry was heard, and all eyes were turned towards the south-west, where was seen sweeping up the horizon a thick dark cloud. It was not entirely black, but was marked with yellow streaks. Its edges were jagged and wild, and its ascent was as rapid as if it were the chariot of the winds. It came booming onwards, and every face was turned upwards to its approach. It soon hid the sun, and so dark and dense was it, that its shadow upon the earth was like the coming in of a starless night.

Meantime the thunder began to mutter, increasing in sound as the cloud approached.

In ten minutes the whole horizon was covered by this dark pall; a sudden burst of lightning, attended, without a minute's pause, by an awful crash of thunder, gave voice to the growing fears of the people, and screams of horror and despair and the tones of the thunder, that seemed to know no cessation, were mingled with the blasts of the wind that stripped the trees of their branches. There was in all this uproar a new source of wonder and fear. So dense was the cloud that hung over the city, that there was upon its surface a reflection as if in a troubled water, of all the prominent objects below, and men thought they saw hill, and tree, and house and people in the thick ceiling of the heavens above them.

In the midst of this wild uproar of the elements, the rain commenced as if "the windows of Heaven had indeed been opened;" there was no pre-lusive drop, no thickening of the shower, but a down-pouring of the elements, as if the incontinent clouds had been rent by the lightning, and their treasures of water poured forth without stint. In two minutes the streets were inundated, and appeared like mountain torrents, and the already unmanageable fears of the people were increased by the up-pouring of water from the cellars, as if the fountains of the great deep had been broken

up, and the elements of the air and of the nether world, the things "of the heavens above and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth," were uniting to break down the middle wall of partition, and to confound all of order that had resulted from their distinct separation.

In all this, man felt his insignificance; there was nothing to which he could turn his hand with even an appearance of usefulness; the thoughtful and the pious stood waiting; the voice of prayer was heard amid the deep thunder tones without; and here and there the wild shriek of despair rose sharp amid the turmoil, and told the progress of the day's disaster.

One loud thunder-clap, and a flash of lightning that blazed over the whole firmament, were accompanied with additional out-pouring of water; trees came prostrate to the earth, or crushed the windows of the houses against which they fell, and the wild uproar was doubled.

After this there was a sudden pause of the rain—not a drop fell; here and there a stream of lightning played fantastically in the edge of the horizon, and the distant thunder kept a low but constant muttering, and those that did not look forth, began to hope that the worst was past.

In a few moments people were seen at the windows and doors, some in the street, looking upwards, but the glossy reflected black of the clouds above them and the wild movements of the masses on the horizon told them that the elemental strife had only paused as if for fresh efforts; and the wind appeared to be gathering new force beneath the western horizon, where a stripe of grey clouds was moving fantastically as if to spring upward to bear the munitions of additional horrors.

Not a breath agitated the remaining leaves of the trees. Scarcely a word from the gathered groups interfered with the sound of prayer or the shriek of continued terror that broke from the neighboring houses. There was a pause in nature, and man hushed the emotion of his fears as if silence was the true attribute of the hour. A wide spreading blaze of lightning almost seared the upturned eye of the people, and a peal of thunder seemed to break in the very midst; many sunk down in sheer weakness, and some screamed aloud in the agony of fear. There was another pause, when one universal cry of horror fixed every eye upon the south-west portion of the horizon. There had sprung upward as if from the earth, for its base could not be seen, a mighty column of fire, it reared itself toward the cloud—a wild, lurid flame flashed from its sides quite across the whole heavens, leaving a sickly light upon the northern and western sides of all the buildings. When the column had attained what seemed to be nearly the height of the clouds, an inverted cone of vast dimensions appeared to reach downwards to the summit of the earth-borne pillar of fire. Then commenced the scene of wildest horror. Groans and screams rose wildly upon the air, while here and there was seen some silent waiter sitting in utter abstraction, folding himself about, and looking to be included in the general dissolution. While this last fearful sign gleamed in the eyes of the affrighted people, the tempest was renewed—the thunder and the lightning came with redoubled force, and the wind which had been gathered in the west swept onward and bore upon its wings and scattered downward jagged masses of ice that cut like winged swords.

The inundation began again, and many who had scoffed at the first outbreak of the tempest, trembled at the awful demonstration of this, when the magazines of heaven seemed to be exhausting themselves for the destruction of earth.

In the midst of this awful uproar, William, who had more than once strove to gain access to Gertrude's chamber, renewed his attempt, and found her stretched out upon the bed, nearly dressed for the evening ceremony. It was a fearful sight on such a moment, but it was doubly painful to find her insensible to his presence, and to the appalling uproar abroad.

He kneeled beside her bed and called to her in every tone of affection to recognise him—but she gave no heed. At length the thunder was silenced—the rain and hail ceased, and William called to the people of the house to aid him with Gertrude.

In a short time he took her in his arms and carried her to the door of her chamber, with a view of showing to her that the occasion of her fears had been removed, and that the storm which had so much alarmed her had passed away. He directed her attention to the west, where beneath the lifted masses of the clouds the sun was sinking into a glorious set—and all around seemed to be a trembling sea of light and heat of which the sun was only a centre.

"Do you see how lovely the evening comes in?" said William.

"I see it," said she—"It is beautiful, far, far more beautiful than EARTHLY scenes."

"And such an evening too for our marriage, better than we had ventured to hope," added William.

"Is there marriage in *Heaven*?" said Gertrude—with hesitancy.

William turned towards the east, and looking out saw that the setting sun was throwing a most brilliant rainbow on the water clouds that had passed. It was a magnificent sight—the whole horizon was spanned by the gorgeous arch which was made doubly beautiful by the dark cloud upon which it rested.

"Look," said William, "what a heavenly sight—how full of hope and promise is that token."

Gertrude lifted her eyes towards the east—then dropped gently on her knees, and with her hands crossed upon her breast and eyes upturned, she rather sighed than uttered "There was a rainbow round about the throne."

William's heart sunk within him as he felt that the mind of his betrothed had received an irreparable shock. He called her mother and placing Gertrude in her arms, turned with a smitten heart from her chamber.

The storm had indeed ceased; to wild uproar had succeeded the calm, soft loveliness of a summer's evening, doubly enjoyed from the tremendous terror which had been endured.

It was soon known that the column of fire which had been seen near the close of the storm, sprung from an immense mass of lumber and wood lying near and on a brick-kiln in the southwestern part of the city—fire had been communicated either from the kiln or by lightning, and the peculiar state of the atmosphere and the density of the dark clouds above exaggerated the terrific appearance.

Poor Gertrude—I saw her at the close of 1815 and the few words which she uttered, the only ones for many days, were indicative of the state of her mind. "It is something," said she, "to escape the place of punishment—but I see not the pleasure of a better state—this lingering on the confines of earth, with earthly feelings and heavenly hopes, it is a sad probation."

More than a year after that interview her wounded spirit escaped. William, who had sat for hours by her side, received the last look she had to give. After lingering beyond all expectation, and appearing indeed often to have departed, Gertrude turned toward her lover—the film had passed from her eyes, there was a lustre in them beyond that of their early youth and soundest health. "Gertrude—Gertrude," exclaimed he, with subdued voice, as he pressed a kiss upon her forehead.

"William, is it you indeed—where am I? this looks like earth—and yet such strange, strange thoughts I have had—tell me, are you here, the last to bid farewell on earth—or the first to welcome me to Heaven?"

"We are in the house of your mother, Gertrude, shall I call her?"

"Not yet—not yet—I know now that I am on earth, the love I feel is too confined, too much centred on *you*, for Heaven. Oh, in my gloomy hours, since that dreadful day, that love has been my solace, it was the inward lamp that lit the darkness of my heart—and made me dream of paradise—and now, now I go to the fountain of that light, the centre and source of all love."

The eye grew dim and fixed, and the smile that played on the lovely lips of Gertrude passed into a convulsive trembling—that ceased—the smile returned—and Gertrude lay lovely in death.

When the hand of improvement levelled the graves in Franklin Square a few years since, I caused the head-stone of Gertrude's resting place to be sunk nearer her ashes, in the hope that the remains of one so lovely and the record of her name, should rest together until the *End of the World*.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

A SHORT STORY.

BY CHARLES H. BARTLETT.

DR. JOHN O. QUAYER studied his profession under the eye of his father, and music out of his sight. From this it may be supposed, by some, that he understood the latter as well, if not better, than the former; and this was the fact. However, at the age of 23, after several years spent on rather neighborly terms with his father's ancient volumes of pharmacy, he obtained a diploma.

Dr. Peter Quaver was very proud of his son, but well knowing that a "prophet hath no honor in his own land," and shrewdly suspecting that the proverb might extend to *doctors*, he resolved to send him to the thriving village of Greenville, which happened at that time to be somewhat destitute of learned physicians.

In course of time, Dr. John O. Quaver made his appearance in the aforesaid village, and wended his way to the dwelling of the handsome widow Goodson, where, it had been arranged, he should remain for a short time, and who, it turn-

ed out, was his cousin. Soon after, he established his office in the main street of the village and announced through the columns of the Greenville Watchman that he was willing and able to "cure all the ills that flesh is heir to."

It had often been observed that the good people of Greenville were very apt to observe the peculiarities of their neighbors. Hence, it can surprise nobody that a report should fly through the town affirming that Dr. J. O. Quaver was a fine singer; but soon this report was succeeded by another—that the doctor was courting the handsome widow Goodson—which *was* a little surprising. But far more so was that which followed—that the doctor had proposed a marriage and that the pretty widow had accepted his proposition, but would not consent to its ratification at the altar, until success in his profession should promise him a competency. How these reports originated nobody could tell, but they were admitted by the doctor to be substantially correct to his friend and confidant, Monsieur Grenouille. And as if he considered the postponement of the widow until his "practice" should promise him a competency, equivalent to a refusal, he at the same time expressed the greatest dissatisfaction. However, plainly seeing that he was in a predicament similar to that of Hopson's, he set himself about the sorry task of getting rich by his profession—no fool of a job for a man who loved to sing and talk about great vocalists and grand oratorical as well as did Dr. J. O. Quaver.

Monsieur Grenouille of whom we have spoken above as the confidant of the doctor, was a man of great musical talents, and he was thought by the doctor, to whom alone he had discovered his skill, to be the best performer he had ever heard. But he was as modest as he was talented—or as diffident and timid as the doctor was self-possessed and bold. The latter proposed to treat the villagers to a concert and after much debate succeeded in persuading the former to undertake a public exhibition of his skill.

Arrangements were made and the night arrived. The house was crowded to overflowing, and all eyes were bent upon the small gallery into which the two performers had installed themselves. At the moment appointed the doctor commenced the performance by singing the humorous song—"We're all cutting, cutting, cutting our way through life," and executed it with such infinite grace and effect that the house shook with applause. Then the polite but timid *monsieur* stepped in sight and was warmly greeted by the audience. This confused him much. He attempted to play; but his nerves were ungovernable and he made a complete failure. He stood a moment in motionless dismay, and then fairly overcome by his bashfulness, utterly abashed, he shrunk from public gaze; the cold sweat rolling down his face, pale with agony, and trembling like a leaf.

But the brave doctor came boldly to the rescue and in the most laughable manner sung

"Oh! will you come and take tea in the arbor?" and was cheered till all rang again. He then endeavored to prevail upon his friend to make another attempt, but in vain; the violinist was a "used-up man." So the doctor turned to his delighted audience and sung song after song and was constantly applauded. But at length he became exhausted, and being yet unable to

induce his companion to play, he apologized for him and begged the audience would excuse him until another occasion, which, he said, it would be his greatest pleasure to afford them.

The generous auditory were about to comply with the doctor's very reasonable request, when a sharp-nosed, thin-visaged, hairy-faced, miserly-looking man stood up upon his seat and in a tinkling voice said that as he had come a considerable distance—had given twenty-five cents for admittance—had spent the evening there when his business required his presence elsewhere—all for the sake of hearing the gentleman play upon his violin—and as he was not sure he could avail himself of another occasion—he *did* hope the gentleman could make it convenient to play at least one or two tunes. The man would certainly have been hissed down, but just at this instant Monsieur Grenouille thrust a violin and bow into the hands of the doctor and a book before him and instantly retired. The audience cheered, roared, and called on the doctor to play.

This was a clincher, indeed! for the doctor had scarcely played a note upon the instrument in all his life. However, carried on by an irresistible emotion—almost wild with enthusiasm at his success in singing alone for the first time before an audience—and too vain to own his inability to perform any thing less than a miracle—he adjusted the instrument and drew across it the bow, and then commenced a vigorous sawing. Suddenly the most melodious, sweet, and delicate music filled the house. Strain after strain fell upon the already enchanted ear—now the melody was wild and rich—now liquid and soft—and anon lofty and grand. "The natives were astonished"—the connoisseurs petrified, and the doctor astounded. If the music was a matter of astonished delight to the spectators—how his random sawings could produce it was no less so to the doctor. Still each contraction of his elbow sent a sweetly thrilling vibration to the very soul of the auditor and performer. Nothing could exceed the excitement, nor equal the applause which the doctor's performance created. Again and again was he applauded, until from fatigue and the violent emotion which so miraculous a success could not fail to give birth to, he was ready to sink to the floor; and it was with a faltering voice that he thanked the audience for their kind attention and dismissed them.

Every soul had departed and all was still. The doctor had sunk into a seat quite exhausted, and it was not till he felt a hand upon his shoulder that he raised his head. He looked up and saw Monsieur Grenouille. A feeling of scornful superiority crossed his mind, but a sentiment of pity for the Frenchman's extreme bashfulness and timidity quickly succeeded it. However, a radiant smile of triumph shone upon his features.

"*Mille merveilles!* a thousand wonders!" exclaimed the timid violinist; "but monsieur, you told me that you never studied the violin; how do you account for your splendid performance?"

The doctor laughed with a very mysterious air, but said nothing. It was plain his doings were as much a wonder to himself as to anybody else.

"But, *mon ami*," continued the Frenchman, play one little air that I may watch you. Again the doctor proudly adjusted the instrument, and

drew the bow; he gave an energetic saw—but alas! no sound was produced!—not a note! Utterly perplexed, the doctor increased his vigor; but all in vain, he could bring forth no sound! Suddenly the Frenchman burst into a violent fit of laughter. The doctor's glory had departed!

However, he at least had the sorry satisfaction of learning the secret of the mysterious affair. His friend hearing the violin called for, and feeling all his bashfulness rush upon him, which precluded the idea of his playing before the audience, suddenly drew the bow across a candle severaltimes and giving it with the violin to the doctor, had retired behind his chair and with another instrument had filled the room with the enrapturing melody, while the doctor was sawing away with his greasy bow, wild with enthusiasm and drunk with the applause of a delighted public.

"Well, well," said the doctor in a very perplexed manner after a long revery, "you have taught me an instructive lesson upon vanity. Yes, I must own that although it was about the first time I ever took a violin in hand, I believed I produced that delicious music! Vanity itself! But, my dear sir, may I depend upon your secrecy in this matter?"

"Certainly, Monsieur, certainly; and I have only to offer my accursed bashfulness in apology for the *ruse* I played upon you and the audience."

The *finale* of this concert was as follows:—The doctor immediately became the most popular man in town, and the handsome widow Goodson, getting a little jealous and fearing procrastination, very artfully alluded to the doctor's brightening prospects; which allusion of course led to a very happy union.

The doctor was ever the bosom friend of M. Grenouille, but he would never consent to give another concert, satisfied with the "competency" and the wife he had won with his greasy bow.

Kinderhook, May, 1843.

BIOGRAPHY.



ALEXANDER I.

ALEXANDER I. emperor of Russia and king of Poland, was born, December 22, 1777, and, on the murder of his father, in 1801, he succeeded to the throne. Till 1805, his attention was confined to his own dominions; but, in that year, he coalesced with Austria against France. The coalition, however, was broken, by the success of Napoleon at Austerlitz. In the following year, he joined with Prussia; but, in 1807, after having been defeated at Friedland, he signed, at Tilsit, a peace with the French emperor, very soon after which he became one of his closest allies. The interval between 1807 and 1812, was filled up with the seizure of Finland, and a war against Turkey. In the latter year hostilities were again commenced between France and Russia, and

were actively continued till the downfall of Napoleon. During the campaigns of 1813 and 1814, Alexander bore a share in the dangers of the field. On the conclusion of peace, he visited England. As the reward of his military assistance, Poland was erected into a kingdom by the Congress of Vienna, and he was crowned in 1815. He died at Taganrok, in November, 1825. His talents were above mediocrity; and he did much to ameliorate the condition of his subject.

MISCELLANY.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

WHERE are they? What has become of the juvenile race that used to make the welkin ring with the frolicsome laughter, the free unrestrained sports, the merry, innocent pastimes of happy boyhood and girlhood? What has become of that beautiful race of fair haired, rosy-cheeked healthy, wholesome boys, and the warm radiant sunshine of girlish faces, with a step as elastic and graceful as that of a wood nymph, and a laugh sweeter than the music of singing birds, with all their natural sweetness, their unaffected ease, and the beautiful confidence which is the proper heritage of early youth?

Byron might well have sung in this day—

"Sweet is the laugh of girls."

It was well then and now in the "green lands" of merry England, on the sunny plains of France, along the vine-clad hills of Germany and elsewhere, these "celestial voices" may be heard, but not in matter-of-fact America. No; they are not here. During the Revolution it was not thus. When children had to choose a playground that was secure from shells and round shot, it was not thus. By Heaven! there is no boyhood nor girlhood now. There is the birth, the babyhood, manhood, womanhood, and death. These are the epoch which divide a life that

"—hovers like a star

'Twixt night and morn,

Upon the horizon's verge."

Our American boys are not well-grown boys; they are *homunculi*, as Carlyle would say—miniature men, dressed up *en bottles*, with long-tailed coats, or smart frock coats, gloves and canes, and too often brave in cigar smoke.—Their hair, it is long and manly, their carriage most particularly erect, and to stumble against a curb-stone and roll in a little *clean dirt* would be a calamity. Their faces are grave and thoughtful with the throes of nascent manhood; their address profoundly calculating, and reflecting the wisdom of the incipient man of the world, as if they knew sorrow, and had taken deep, very deep glances into that wonderful store-house of mysteries, which the day of judgement alone will clear up—the human heart.

The girls! How many of them are allowed to give for the impulses of their generous sensitive natures! They, too, are little women.—They too often do not kiss their manly brothers, much less are they caressed by them. They are little women, deep in the mysteries of the toilet, redolent of cosmetics, perhaps versed in hemstitching and working lace; their very dolls have had bustles, and they, poor things, with forms cast in a mould of God's own workmanship, whose every curve and every development is beauty and loveliness, must wear bustles too.—Hardly do they darn their brother's stockings, or hem his

handkerchiefs, or delight in the handy-work of making his linens. When half-grown they are serious, sober women. They dance, and sing, and smile, and simper methodically. They walk on stilts, they dance with evident constraint, and by-and-by we expect they will not dance at all. We expect soon to see the little beings with eyes fixed alone on their neighbor's deficiencies. Ah! how wrong to check the buoyancy, the exhilaration, the joyous outbreak of these young creatures, whether it be in romping, or running, or dancing, and whether the dancing be to the music of their own voices, of the piano, of the violin, or the harp, or the tabret, or of a german band, if providentially they might pick one up for love or money.

This is a demure, stupid, hypocritical, humbugging age, and we are going one of these days to say more about it.—*Savannah Republican*.

FRIENDSHIP.

LIEUT. MONTGOMERY had seen much military service. However, the wars were over, and he had nought to do, but lounge as best he could through life upon half pay. He was one day taking his ease at his tavern when he observed a stranger, evidently a foreign gazing intently at him. The Lieut. appeared not to notice the intrusion but shifted his position. A short time and the stranger shifted too, and still with unblenched gaze he stared. This was too much for Montgomery, who rose and approached the scrutinizing intruder.

"Do you know me, sir?" asked the Lieut.

"I think I do," answered the foreigner who was a Frenchman.

"Have you ever met me before?" continued Montgomery.

"I will not swear for it; but if we have—and I am almost sure we have?" said the stranger—"you have a saber scar, a deep one on your right wrist."

"I have," cried Montgomery turning back his sleeve, and displaying a very broad and ugly scar, "didn't get this for nothing for the brave fellow who made me a present of it, I repaid with a gash across the skull."

The Frenchmen bent down his head, parted his hair with his hands, and said—"You did; you may look at the receipt."

The next moment they were in each other's arms. They became bosom friends for life.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

LET us pause for a moment to contemplate and to admire that feeling as it animates the breast of woman. Woman's love! what a world of feeling and of passion is centered in those two words. The love of woman! how beautiful it is! this wide world contains nothing half so lovely. It is the true Promethean scintillation from the celestial fire of Heaven. It stands insulated amid the whirl of the thousand passions, that stir up and agitate the human heart, the solitary one uncontaminated by aught of earth. Not, however, when life's current glides gently on in one calm, unbroken stream of gladness—not when the atmosphere of existence is yet unclouded and undimmed by misfortune and the pulse beats high with health, and strength, and happiness; not *then* does woman's love shine forth in its native, heavenly purity. It is when the spirit stricken

to the earth by misery, sickness, or poverty—when those butterfly friends who have sipped with us the cup of prosperity take flight and leave us setting amid the ashes of desolation and despair; it is *then* that woman becomes our ministering angel. It is *then* that her enduring love shines forth in bright relief against the black and lowering sky of our adversity; it is *then* that we find her, with a generosity never equalled is any other sex, throwing aside all thought and consideration of self, and with patient meekness devoting the best energies of her heart and soul to soothe the pillow of a father, a sick husband or brother: angel-like, hovering near the restless bed of disease, to succor and to save; pouring oil and balm upon the crushed heart which the cold world has trodden upon and cast aside.

Many may wither beneath the sickening influence of an ungenial clime—his nerves may be unstrung and shattered—he may have drank deeply of the bitter wine of life—his heart may be gray, while the dark locks of youth still shadow his forehead; yet amidst this desolation if there is one around, that spot will be the memory of his early love; and often, even when the feverish cares and yawning anxieties that beset the paths even of the most fortunate, press heavily upon him, thought will suddenly fly back to the time when he revelled in all the gushing feelings, fresh fancies, and overwhelming affections of a youthful passion. He feels a tender, melancholy pleasure in recalling each minutest circumstance of that eventful period, the one Oasis that had occurred to him in the desert of existence, whose cool, verdant freshness the heated eye loves to look back upon, and over which the spirit of memory lovers with fond and lingering delight.

THEY'LL LAUGH AT ME.

AND what if they do; Is that a reason you should be laughed out of your principles, and thus deserve to be laughed at for your folly?

Who will laugh at you for obeying the dictates of your own conscience? No one who regards the dictates of his own. No one whose opinions should have the least weight with you.

What will they laugh at? At your singularity in adhering to unfashionable virtue?

At your vulgarity in refusing to be moulded by the seduction of refined and modish vice? Let them laugh. "Wo unto them that laugh now, for they shall mourn and lament."

"They'll laugh at me," said ten thousand promising young men and lovely young women, when first enticed to wander from the sober paths of virtuous living. They half recoiled from the temptation. It had no particular fascinations for them. The gay assembly—the deceptive theatre—the maddening game—the flowing bowl—it was not these that allured them at the outset. "They'll laugh at me!" This it was that turned them aside and sealed their unhappy destiny. O my son and my daughter, never let me hear you say—"They'll laugh at me."

A LAUGHABLE ADVENTURE.

SOME years ago, a reverend clergyman in New Hampshire, being apprehensive that the accumulated weight of snow upon the roof of his barn might do some damage, resolved to shovel it off. He therefore ascended it, but having first, for fear

the snow might all slide off at once, himself with it, fastened to his waist one end of a rope, and giving the other to his wife, he went to work; but fearing still for his safety, "My dear," said he tie the rope round your waist."—No sooner had she done this, than off went the snow, poor minister and all, and up went his wife.—Thus on one side of the barn the astonished and confounded clergyman hung, and on the other side hung his wife, high and dry, in majestic sublime dinging and dangling at the end of the rope. At that moment, however, a gentleman luckily passing by, delivered them from their perilous situation.

A STRANGER exquisite passing up Broadway, the other day, wished to call a stage, but his lungs not being very available, or to little muscular power to blow them, or deeming it vulgar to speak loud enough to be heard, he failed in stopping the stages. Just at this moment a sailor happened along, and observing the difficulty, hailed the son of Ninshi in a voice like a speaking trumpet—

"Halloa there?" said Jack, looking unutterable things at the exquisite dandy; "here's *something* that wants you!"

POLITENESS ON ALL OCCASIONS.—At a wedding recently, which took place at the altar, when the officiation priest put to the lady the home question; "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" she dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, "If you please sir." Charming simplicity.

ACCURACY.—A recruit was asked by his officer, "What's your height?" to which Pat replied; "The man that measured me told me it was five feet ten, or ten feet five; I am not exactly shure which, but it was either the one or the other."

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

S. H. C. Olcott, N. Y. \$1.00; J. L. Palenville, N. Y. \$1.00; L. D. F. Naples, N. Y. \$1.00; M. A. T. Worcester, Ma. \$1.00; H. M. H. Malone, N. Y. \$1.00; J. E. W. Danbury, Ct. \$1.00; P. M. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$3.00; J. R. H. Newark, N. Y. \$1.00; J. P. H. Belleville, N. Y. \$1.00; J. M. De C. New-York, \$1.00; H. L. East Genoa, N. Y. \$1.00.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. John Crawford, Mr. Daniel Harwood, of Oxford, Mass. to Miss Sophia Wardwell, of this city.

On the 27th ult. in Milan, Dutchess Co. by the Rev. Mr. Chalker, Mr. William Coon, of Gallatin, Columbia Co. to Miss Catherine Mink, of Milan.

At the residence of the Hon. E. Jenkins, New-York, by the Rev. Mr. Payne, John Dickenson, Esq. of Philadelphia, a native of England, to Mrs. Margaret Kemble, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Daniel Oliver.

In Christ Church, of this city, by the Rev. Mr. Babbitt, Mr. Joseph Benson, to Miss Ellen Ross.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. Ward Ballard, of Nassau, Peter A. Van Alen, of Stuyvesant, to Miss Jane Fitch, of Schodack.

DIED.

In this city, on the 12th inst. Mrs. Eunice Coffin, aged 78 years.

On the 11th ult. in the Insane Asylum, at Worcester, Mass. Mr. John C. Kemble, formerly editor of the Troy Budget, and member of the Assembly and the Senate of this state.

On the 6th inst. Walter, son of Edward and Ann Allen, aged 1 year, 3 months and 20 days.

On the 23d ult. Mrs. Mercy Goodrich, in the 71st year of her age.

In Newark, N. J. on the 4th inst. Mr. Samuel S. Brownson, formerly of Auburn, N. Y. aged 27 years.



Select Poetry.

FOR EVER THINE.

For ever thine, whate'er this heart betide,
For ever thine, whate'er our lot be cast—
Fate, that may rob us of all wealth beside,
Shall leave us love till life itself be past.

The world may wrong us—we will brave its hate;
False friends may change, and false hopes decline;
Though bowed by cankering care, we'll smile at Fate,
Since thou art mine, beloved, and I am thine!

For ever thine—when circling years have spread
Time's frosty blossoms o'er the stormy brow;
When youth's rich glow its purple light has shed,
And lilies bloom where roses flourish now—

Say, shall I love thy fading beauty less,
Whose spring-tide radiance has been wholly mine?
No! come what will, thy steadfast truth I'll bless,
In youth, in age, thine own, for ever thine!

For ever thine, at evening's dewy hour,
When gentle hearts to tenderest thoughts incline,
When palmiest odors from each closing flower
Are breathing round me—thine, for ever thine!

For ever thine, 'mid Fashion's heartless throng,
In courtly flowers—at Folly's gilded shrine,
Smiles on my cheek—light words upon my tongue,
My deep heart still is thine—for ever thine

Forever thine, amid the boisterous crowd,
When the jest sparkles with the sparkling wine,
I may not speak thy gentle name aloud,
But drink to thee in thought—for ever thine!

I would not, sweet one, profane that silvery sound:
The depth of love could such rude hearts divine:
Let the loud laughter peal, the toast go round,
My thoughts, my thoughts are thine, for ever thine!

THE DYING BOY.

MOTHER, the robin's song
Sounds faintly on my ear,
The flowers have lost their charms,
Though once to me so dear;
My weary eyes I soon must close,
And find in sleep a sweet repose.

But, mother, do not weep,
Though nevermore I wake—
I fain a while would live
For my dear mother's sake;
For thou hast taught, with tenderest care,
My infant tongue to lisp in prayer.

Mother! the window raise,
The morning air is clear;
And sing once more the song
I oft have loved to hear;
For now I feel too sad to smile—
I'm weary and must rest awhile.

Mother! what makes it dark?
I'm sure it can't be night!
But little while ago
The sun did rise so bright;
Dear mother, sure, I cannot see
Why it should seem so dark to me!

Oh, mother! now I know—
I'm only going to sleep;

But oh! what makes you cry?
Sweet mother, do not weep!
I now am almost free from pain,
I think I'll soon be well again.

For in my last night's dream
An angel whispered unto me,
"Fear not my lovely babe,
My wings shall shelter thee—
Give me thy hand, and we will fly,
My sinless one, to yonder sky."

Mother! just clasp my hand
And lay it on your breast,
Its pulse but gently beats,
I soon shall be at rest—
What means this gasping for my breath?
Oh mother, surely this is death!

Mother! kiss me once more
While I bid thee good bye—
Sweet mother! weep no more,
I'm not afraid to die—
'Tis only leaving earth, to dwell
In heaven, dear mother! Fare thee well!

SPEAK NOT TO HIM A BITTER WORD.

WOULD'ST thou a wanderer reclaim,
A wild and restless spirit tame;
Check the warm flow of youthful blood,
And lead a lost one back to God?
Pause, if thy spirit's wrath he stirred,
Speak not to him a bitter word—
Speak not—that bitter word may be
The stamp that seals his destiny.

If widely he hath gone astray,
And dark excess has marked his way:
'Tis pitiful—but yet beware,
Reform must come from kindly care,
Forbid thy parting lips to move,
But in the gentle tones of love,
Though sadly his young heart hath erred,
Speak not to him a bitter word.

The lowering frown he will not bear,
The venom'd chidings will not hear;
The ardent spirit will not brook,
The stinging tooth of sharp rebuke;
Thou would'st not *goad* the restless steed,
To calm his fire to check his speed;
Then let no angry tones be heard—
Speak not to him a bitter word.

Go kindly to him—make him feel
Your heart yearns deeply for his weal;
Tell him the dangers thick that lay
Around his "widely devious way;"
So shall thou win him, call him back
From pleasure's smooth seductive track,
And warnings thou hast mildly given,
May guide the wanderer up to Heaven.

BALLAD.

BY HENRY NEALE.

"Old man, old man, thy locks are grey,
And the winter wind blows cold;
Why wander abroad on thy weary way,
And leave thy home's warm fold?"

"The winter wind blows cold 'tis true,
And I am old to roam;
But I may wander the wide world through,
Ere I shall find my home."

"And where do thy children loiter so long?
Have they left thee, thus old and forlorn,
To wander wild heaths and hills among,
While they quaff from the lusty horn?"

"My children have long since sunk to rest,
To that rest which I would were my own;

I have seen the green turf placed over each breast,
And read each lonely name on the stone."

"Then haste to the friends of thy youth, old man,
Who loved thee in the days of yore;
They will warm thy old blood with the foaming can,
And sorrow shall chill no more."

"To the friends of my youth, in far distant parts,
Over moor, over mount I have sped;
But the kind I found in their graves, and the hearts
Of the living were cold as the dead."

The old man's cheek as he spake grew pale;
On the grass green sod he sank,
While the eastern sun o'er the western vale,
Sat 'midst clouds and vapors dank.

On the morrow, that sun in the eastern skies
Rose ruddy and warm and bright;
But never again did that old man rise
From the sod which he pressed that night.

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

O, thou, the helpless orphan's hope,
To whom alone mine eyes look up
In each distressing day!
Father, (for that's the sweetest name
That e'er these lips were taught to frame)
Instruct my heart to pray!

Low in the dust my parents lie,
And no attentive ear is nigh
But thine, to heal my woe;
No hand to wipe away my tears;
No gentle voice to hush my fears,
Remains to me below.

My relatives and friends are gone,
And all my earthly comforts flown,
But I continue here!
Be thou my patron, thou my guide.
This friendless heart from sorrow hide,
Reposing on thy care.

If I am spared throughout the span
That marks the narrow life of man,
And reach to hoary age,
Instruct me in thy holy will;
Teach me the duties to fulfil
Of each successive stage.

But if thy goodness should decree
An early sepulchre for me,
Father, thy will be done!
On thy dear bosom I rely:
And if I live, or if I die,
O, leave me not alone!

RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED AT HUDSON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y. BY
Wm. B. Stoddard.

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